

To Webb - Garrison going to write

Rec'd March 10. 1856.  
Ans. " 11<sup>th</sup> do.

Rev. Samuel May Jr.  
21 Cornhill  
Boston

"  
Worshas come for  
Mr. Turner's Liberator.

Mr. Turner's \$1.10  
now divided. He says 10 for Standard, & the  
"other 15" for Lib. Probably meant 15 for Standard.



MC 81.1.16.17



The  
Speaker is elected at last. I am  
not very glad - though some  
Republicans, like Free Soilers,  
will doubtless work better  
out of place & power, than in.  
But poor, poor Kansas!!

Selbyfield Feb. 22 1856.

Dear Friend May-

It is not my regular week to write nor have I much time or any too much strength for it. But there are some things to say & must write those today to more. Miss Julia is not alone in her Mischief and she with her helpers are doing a desperate business.

Maria Webb of Dublin has written a letter of eight pages, a sort of Epistle General a most outrageous product, & they let it out about in the dark after me to weaken my influence by working the people against me - though she admits my cause in this country to be wholly unexceptionable - but says I have been warned & cautioned and so of course am playing the hypocrite - I have this moment received the letter back from Scotland, & cannot possibly copy it today - but it shall come

over to you next week for the  
Refuge of Oppression.

I enclose today with Mr.  
Barker's letter to the Reasoner  
& my reply. I have also sent a copy  
of just doing Reasoner to Stephen  
and Abby Foster. The other with  
Mr. Barker's letter, I have not got,  
or I would send them it also.  
Will you be so kind as say so much  
to them when you chance to meet.  
Our friends here are glad Barker  
has deserted us also am I. He  
is deservedly disrespected on this  
side the water, & is utterly worth  
less every where.

I am sorry to lose one  
word of this Wigham letter, but  
will enclose you a sheet from one  
received this morning, with the copy  
of Massia Webb's, I had sent to her  
via Mrs. Nichol. Perhaps you will pre-  
serve it in your desk till my return  
to America. You will see that she  
has had a severe struggle with  
Julia & Joseph Ditter as goblins  
& give it in her "Pilgrim's Prog-  
ress" and one expression in the letter  
seems almost despairing. But I

have little doubt about the strength  
of her fortitude & faith. It is a most  
try trial for our British Co-  
adjutors to pass through, to de-  
fend not us, but themselves  
for having ~~any~~ <sup>nothing</sup> to do with  
this. Julia the gift is the  
most divine as well as most des-  
irable of all the present joys.

The Broad Street is revealing  
itself also - for the honor of God's  
Truth, I hope Chameleon will  
never appear in any of our papers  
directly or indirectly. When we had  
killed the lion of the A.B.C.F.M. &  
Cuckold or Jackass, Cuthbert

sang then he began to wax very  
blame - He wrote Mr. Whistead  
that if he had been at Leeds at  
the meeting, he could have proved  
to them all sorts of a deceiv-  
er & liar & other interesting things.  
He also addressed a long loud  
letter to young, through the Empire.  
I stirred up Mr. Whistead to  
ask why the Empire & not the  
potter - His answer was, that  
it would not be dictated to say why-

Mr. Atmisted sent copies of his private letter to him away to some New Broad St. Then & the whole matter had to come up in Committee to Cham's. utter astonishment since old Sam. Jurney put George Thompson down at their annual meeting in May last, the Committee have "left the peace" with the Am. Board & Lubbert Young & Co. Chapman has now had to take new lessons. The whole development has pleased Mr. Atmisted greatly. He said it to Mr. & Mrs. Ward that New Broad Street & all its crew as vilest foes the slave has or can have out of Purgatory or Perdition. Only Mr. Chapman seems to me to wholly appreciate them & their rascallities.

I cannot write you more today. I go to Chesterfield to lecture this evening & return to morrow to Manchester. My term of the next in Dublin. Should you see, or be writing to Mrs. Pillsbury, you say the same to her, & let my next letters come to Mr. Webb. I go there to but I fear rest is not my Mission yet. With a brotherly love to you all,  
As ever Parker Pillsbury